

"COMIX NOIR" FROM THE FETID DEPTHS
OF DENNIS P. EICHHORN'S TROUBLED SOUL!

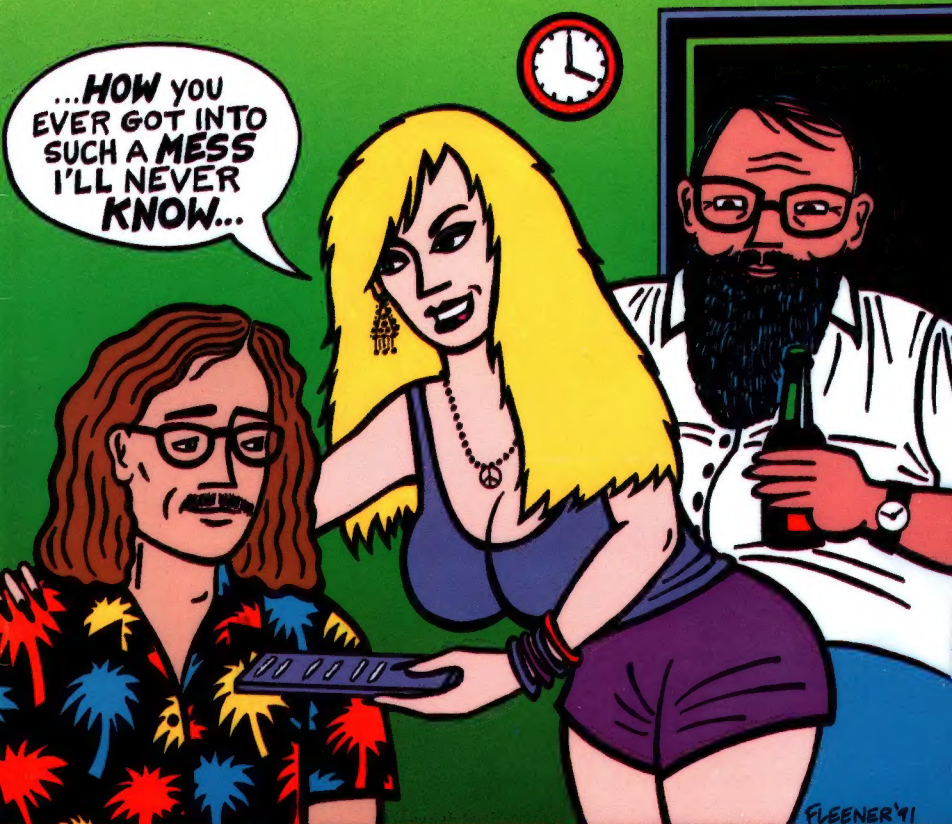
REAL STUFF

No. 5

\$2.25

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Mature Readers



FEATURED IN THIS ISSUE: MARY FLEENER, J. LONG, △,
PAT MORIARITY, J.R. WILLIAMS, and MARK ZINGARELLI!

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS



THIS SORDID LITTLE EPISODE TOOK PLACE WHILE
I WAS MANAGING *Capitola Joe's*...A FULL-TIME
JOB, IF THERE EVER WAS ONE

THREE BED

STORY: DENNIS P. EICHHORN ©1991

ART: MARY FLEENER ©1991

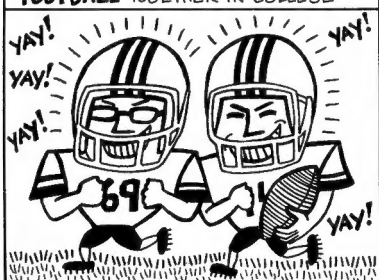
ALL MY REGULAR CUSTOMERS WERE **DRUG DEALERS**-A NEVER-ENDING SUPPLY OF COCAINE, **THAI WEED**, AND, OF COURSE, **ALCOHOL**.



I WAS TENDING BAR ONE EVENING- WHEN I HEARD A **FAMILIAR VOICE**



I HADN'T SEEN **BUTCH** SINCE WE PLAYED FOOTBALL TOGETHER IN COLLEGE



WE LIVE IN SAN JOSE. I'M A COMPUTER PROGRAMMER. WE JUST GOT **MARRIED!**

GAIL'S IN BETWEEN JOBS RIGHT NOW AND I'M LOOKING FOR WORK.



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I'LL DO IT!!!



SO THE NEXT NIGHT, BUTCH SHOWED UP AT 6 P.M., READY FOR HIS SHIFT. GAIL WAS WITH HIM.

WELCOME TO
CAPITOLA
JOE'S,
BUTCH!
HI GAIL!!

**SHOW ME
TH' ROPES!**



**I'LL SIT RIGHT
HERE AND KEEP
AN EYE ON YOU!**



BUTCH PROVED TO BE A BIG HIT

**ALL RIGHT!! LET'S
GET SERIOUS ABOUT
DRINKIN' BEER!**



HIS NIGHTLY ARRIVALS BECAME LEGENDARY

**TH' BUTCHER-MAN
IS ON TH' JOB!!**

WHOOO!

**TH' MEAT
MARKET
IS IN ...
SESSION!**



**ALL SAUSAGES,
FRONT TH' CENTER!
HAW! HAW! HAW!**







I MUST BE
NUTS! BUTCH IS
A FRIEND OF
MINE! WHAT
SHOULD I DO?



GUESS
I'LL HAVE TO
FACE UP TO IT



BACK AT THE
HOUSE... LISTEN,
BUTCH...

UMMM... WHAT DID
SHE DO, **FUCK YOU**
OR **GIVE YOU A**
BLOWJOB?

BLOWJOB

BUT BUTCH,
I **SWEAR**, IT
JUST SORT OF
HAPPENED!!



FORGET IT. **NO PROBLEM!** I KNOW WHAT
GAIL IS LIKE. ONE WHIFF OF COKE AND
SHE GETS **REAL HORNY** - KEEPS ME
BROKE JUST BUYING **BATTERIES**
FOR HER **VIBRATOR!**

OK, BUTCH, IF
YOU'RE SURE,
BUT I'M
SORRY...



BUT THE NEXT MORNING...

WHAT'S **HE**
DOING HERE,
COLEEN?

HE **SHOWED**
UP AT **4 A.M.**!
I LET HIM
CRASH ON
THE COUCH.



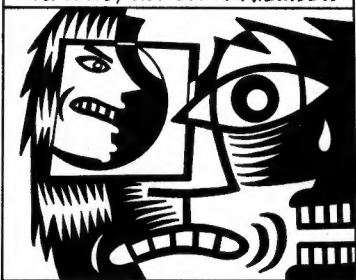
GAIL and I
HAD A **BIG**
FIGHT. I
MOVED OUT!
CAN I STAY
HERE FOR A
FEW DAYS?



I WAS TRAPPED BY THE
CHOCOLATE SYRUP OF
GUILT

OK... FOR
A FEW DAYS

AS THE DAYS WENT BY BUTCH GOT INCREASINGLY WEIRDER and WEIRDER



ALL HE DID WAS DRINK and DO DRUGS AND IT AFFECTED HIS WORK



I SENSED TROUBLE COMING

HEY, EICHHORN!!!



GOIN' OUT FOR A QUICK BLOWJOB?

I KNEW BUTCH HAD A WEAK ANKLE



AND IF WE CAME TO BLOWS, I'D TRY AND CRIPPLE HIM AND ESCAPE



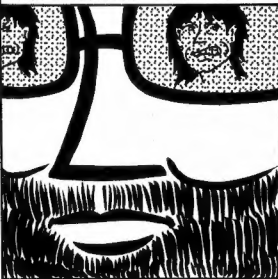
BUT I WASN'T FEELING CONFIDENT. I REEKED OF BAD KARMA ON THIS ONE.



LET'S SMOKE A DOOBIE, OK, BUTCH..?

HE'S BIGGER and STRONGER THAN I AM and HE CAN OUTFRUN ME

FAT BOB HAD BEEN WATCHING THE SITUATION DEVELOP



Y'KNOW, DENNY... I'VE BEEN ALL OVER THE WORLD and I'VE SEEN HOW DIFFERENT CULTURES OPERATE. YOUR CONFLICT WITH BUTCH HAS ITS PARALLELS.



IT DOES?

ANITA and COLEEN ARE GETTIN' PISSED OFF. ALL I KNOW IS...

"...BUTCH IS GETTING PRETTY FUNKY LATELY..."



C'MON, COLEEN! SIT ON MY FACE FOR A FEW MINUTES!!!

WHY DON'T YOU WALK 'TILL YOUR HAT FLOATS, ASSHOLE?

... "WITH EVERYONE!!"

HEEEESY, BABY,
IT'S ME AND
MY TRAINED
LOVE-SNAKE!

?GROOOAAANÉ... UH,
GREAT, BUTCH, I'D LOVE
TO SEE IT BUT I'VE GOT TH'
CLAP, VAGINAL WARTS, HERPES
and SCABIES!

IT'S REALLY VERY SIMPLE: YOU FUCKED BUTCH'S
WIFE, AND EVEN THO HE SAID IT WAS OK, HE
FEELS CHEATED AND LEFT OUT. HE WANTS TO
FUCK YOUR WIFE AND COME OUT EVEN.

BUT I'M NOT
MARRIED!

EXACTLY! THAT'S WHY HE'S TRYING TO SCORE WITH
COLEEN & ANITA. THEY'RE YOUR 'SURROGATE WIVES'. IF
BUTCH COULD FUCK ONE OF THEM, HE'D PROBABLY GET
HAPPY! AT LEAST HE'D GO AWAY and LEAVE YOU ALONE

I DON'T SEE
THAT HAPPEN-
ING ANYTIME
SOON. HE'S GOT 'EM
BOTH SCARED
SHITLESS...

I THINK
I CAN HELP
YOU WITH THAT...

HOW?

JUST GET BUTCH
HERE TOMORROW
NIGHT AFTER
WORK...

HAVE
A
PARTY.

THE HOUSE WAS FILLED WITH PEOPLE THE NEXT NIGHT.
FAT BOB ARRIVED ABOUT 2 A.M.

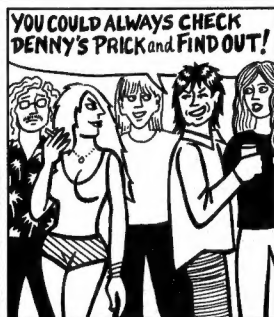
DENNY,
THIS IS
SHIRLEY

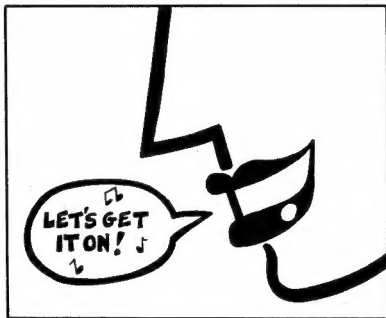
NICE TO
MEET YOU

SAME
HERE

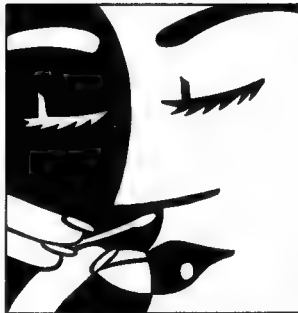
FAT BOB HAS OUTLINED YOUR PROBLEM, AND WE
THINK THE BEST SOLUTION IS FOR YOU AND I TO
BE MAKING OUT ON THE COUCH WHEN BUTCH
ARRIVES. THEN I'LL COME ON TO HIM AND
BALL HIM. THAT OUGHTA GET YOU OFF TH'HOOK.

I HOPE
IT WORKS

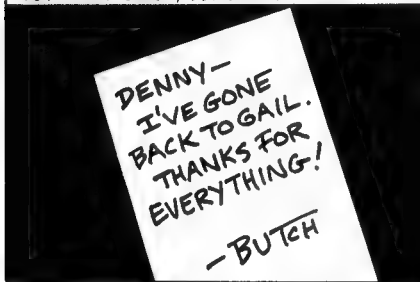




LATER, SHIRLEY JOINED US



OUR PLAN WORKED. THE NEXT MORNING,
BUTCH WAS GONE, LEAVING A NOTE:



ABOUT NOON, BUTCH PHONED



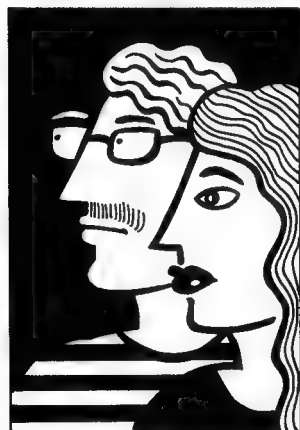
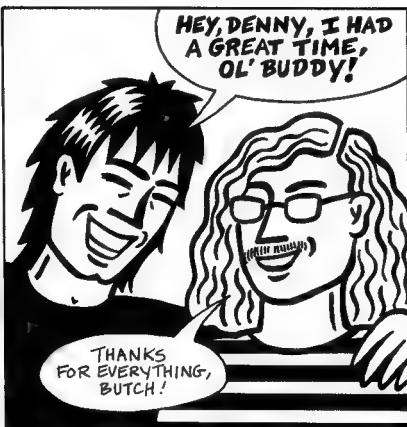
THE NEXT DAY, BUTCH AND GAIL PICKED US UP



WE DROVE NORTH ALONG THE PACIFIC
HIGHWAY AND MADE A TURN ON TO A DIRT ROAD



LATER.....



END OF PART ONE...

Don't be thinkin' that! You'll get plenty for your money! We're offering all 15 issues of the Northwest EXTRA!, America's Number One lurid pulp tabloid, originally published from December, 1988, to November, 1990! They are extremely collectible, and can propel you into the fast lane of the glamorous world of so-called "underground" collecting!

Number 1: Cover and centerfold by Ced Smoot, in the Mexican broadside tradition, illustrating "Bitter Fruit," by Dennis P. Eichhorn. Columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, drive-in movie critic Joe Bob Briggs and videophile Theron Yeager. "Rock & Roll Confidential" by Dave Marsh, with rare, formerly unpublished John Lennon photo. "The Valley of Death" by Tim Cahill, illustrated by Michael Dougan. An article about Lynda Barry's "play" "The Last House" by Bill Ontiveros. "Weird News" by Chuck Shepherd. "The Bad Boys" comic strip by J.R. Williams, and artwork by Holly Tuttle, Michael Dougan and Mark Zingarelli. Design consultation by Tamara Broadhead.

Number 2: Cover and centerfold in four-color glory by Michael Dougan, illustrating Tim Cahill's "Simple Rules." Lynda Barry's "Ernie Pook's Comeback" makes its first appearance, and J.R. Williams' "The Bad Boys" reoccurs. Video critic Fred Hopkins' first column. Columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Joe Bob Briggs, Dave Marsh, Chuck Shepherd and Theron Yeager. Drew Friedman's masterful cartoon treatment of Harvey Pekar's "Rabbi's Wife," and artwork by Carol Moiseiwitsch, Peter Bagge, Robert Crumb and Mark Zingarelli. Art direction by Art Chantry and design consultation by Art.

Number 3: Cover and centerfold by Carol Moiseiwitsch, illustrating Bill Cardoso's "Dead Wild Horses." "A Personal History of Modern Israel" by Harvey Pekar. Columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Joe Bob Briggs, Dave Marsh (great Roy Orbison photo), Fred Hopkins and Chuck Shepherd. Cartoon strips by Lynda Barry and J.R. Williams, and artwork by Michael Dougan, Holly Tuttle, Drew Friedman, Fred Andrews, Jessica Dodge and Mark Zingarelli. Great Elvis section. Art direction by Art Chantry.

Number 4: Cover and centerfold by Peter Bagge, illustrating Harvey Pekar's "Keep the Heat on Reagan." "Baseball Autobiography" by Buddha Berman, and columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Joe Bob Briggs, Dave Marsh, Fred Hopkins and Chuck Shepherd. Cartoon strips by Lynda Barry and J.R. Williams. Artwork by Michael Dougan, Tammy Fujiham, Drew Friedman, and Mark Zingarelli. Design direction by Art.

Number 5: Cover and centerfold by Drew Friedman, illustrating Ivan Stang's "Are You a Moe, a Curly... or Merely a Larry?" "The Future Stoooges and Then Some" by Fred Hopkins and John Black. Columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Joe Bob Briggs, Dave Marsh and Chuck Shepherd. Mark Newgarden's "The Little Nun" joins the strips by Lynda Barry and J.R. Williams. Artwork by Carol Moiseiwitsch, Michael Dougan, Holly Tuttle, Willow B. Norcia and Mark Zingarelli. Art direction by Art Chantry and design consultation by Art.

Number 6: Cover from Carol Lay's "Grunge 361" centerfold, with Esther Hent's "Pro Choice Pro Bono." Alison Bechdel's rendering of Harvey Pekar's "Gallantry" joins cartoon strips by Lynda Barry, J.R. Williams and Mark Newgarden. Columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Joe Bob Briggs, Fred Hopkins, Buddha Berman, Dave Marsh and Chuck Shepherd. Artwork by Holly Tuttle, Michael Dougan, Stan Shaw and Mark Zingarelli. Photo of Ms. LaZonga by Cam Garrett with interview by Louie Raffozzo. Art direction by Art Chantry and design consultation by Art. Lay's artwork was placed in the American Institute of Graphic Arts' political graphics show.

Number 7: Cover and centerfold by J.R. Williams, illustrating Dr. Hunter S. Thompson's "Don't Tread On Me." Alison Bechdel's treatment of Harvey Pekar's "Free Association." J. Dooley's "Stone Age to Space Age." "The Reality Rock Revue" by Al Lazen. Columns by Fred Hopkins, Joe Bob Briggs, Dave Marsh, Buddha Berman and Chuck Shepherd. Cartoon strips by Lynda Barry and Mark Newgarden. Artwork by Michael Dougan, Maurice Wright and Mark Zingarelli. Art direction by Art Chantry and design consultation by Art.

Number 8: Cover and centerfold by Holly Tuttle, illustrating W. P. Kinsella's "The Reports Concerning the Death of the Seattle Albatross Are Greatly Exaggerated." "All's Fair at Seafair" by Tim. A.



Smith, Mechanical Editor. "The Badness of Denning" by Fred Hopkins and John Black. Columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Joe Bob Briggs, Dave Marsh, Buddha Berman and Chuck Shepherd. Paul Navrides interprets Harvey Pekar's "The L.A. Performance Scene." Cartoon strips by Lynda Barry, J.R. Williams and Mark Newgarden, and artwork by Michael Dougan and Mark Zingarelli. Art direction by Art Chantry.

Number 9: Ken Brown's "Dude Descending a Staircase" serves as cover and centerfold. "Silver Bullets and Golden Classics: The Music of the Lone Ranger" by Jim Messina, backed with Fred Hopkins's "Clayton Moore - The Man Behind the Mask." Charles Bukowski's first appearance, with "only one Cervantes," illustrated by Robert Crumb. Columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Joe Bob Briggs and Dave Marsh. Roland Sweet replaces Chuck Shepherd as compiler of "Weird News." Frank Stuck renders Harvey Pekar's "Adam Pukes on Halloween," plus cartoon strips by Lynda Barry, J.R. Williams and Mark Newgarden, and artwork by Michael Dougan. Art direction by Art Chantry.

Number 10: Cover by Aline Kominsky, Sophie and Robert Crumb (formerly unpublished Christmas card), Mitch O'Connell's "Elvis Presley Vase Las Xmas" centerfold. "The Worst Films of Xmas" by Fred Hopkins and John Black, illustrated by Carol Moiseiwitsch. "Just Say Woe" by Theater. "Weiser Linda Whitney, and columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Joe Bob Briggs, Dave Marsh and Roland Sweet. Book review by Harvey Pekar, accompanied by his "Somewhere in Pennsylvania," rendered by Joe Zabel and Gary Dumm. Charles Bukowski's "terminology," illustrated by Michael Dougan. Cartoon strips by Lynda Barry, J.R. Williams and Mark Newgarden. Artwork by Drew Friedman and Danny Mittendorf. Art direction by Art Chantry.

Number 11: Cover and centerfold by Carol Moiseiwitsch, illustrating Robert Hennelly's Exxon expose "The Big Spill." "Twisted Valentine" by Fred Hopkins and John Black. "the place" by Charles Bukowski. Poet Jack Thibau makes his first appearance with "Hollywood." Columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Linda Whitney, Joe Bob Briggs, Dave Marsh and Roland Sweet. Book review by Harvey Pekar. Cartoon strips by Lynda Barry, J.R. Williams and Mark Newgarden. Artwork by Michael Dougan and Brian Williamson. Art direction by Art Chantry.

Number 12: Cover illustration of William S. Burroughs by Robert Crumb. "Book of Shadows" by William S. Burroughs, illustrated by S. Clay Wilson. "recognized" by Charles Bukowski, illustrated by Holly Tuttle. "The City of Broken Glass" by Formerly Rocky Goldberg. "L.A." by Jack Thibau. Columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Joe Bob Briggs, Dave Marsh, Linda Whitney, Fred Hopkins and Roland Sweet, and a book review by Harvey Pekar. "Close Call" by Dennis P. Eichhorn and Mark Zingarelli and "More Guys Than Gals Are Forced Into Sex" by Carol Moiseiwitsch, plus cartoon strips by Lynda Barry, J.R. Williams and Mark Newgarden. Artwork by Michael Dougan and T.S. Sullivan. Art direction by Art Chantry.

Number 13: Cover illustration of Charles Bukowski by Robert Crumb. "between races" by Charles Bukowski, with illustration by same. Centerfold by Michael Dougan, illustrating Robert Ferrigno's "The Horse Latitudes." "Here Are The Instructions" by Formerly Rocky Goldberg. "Getting the Message Out!" by Harvey Pekar. "poem" by Jack Thibau. Columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Joe Bob Briggs, Dave Marsh and Roland Sweet. Cartoon strips by Carol Moiseiwitsch, Lynda Barry, J.R. Williams and Mark Newgarden. Artwork by Mary Fleener and Sean Hurley. Art direction by Art Chantry, winner of a prestigious Merit Award from the Society of Publishing Design (SPD) for the cover design.

Number 14: "SEXTRA!" issue. Cover by S. Clay Wilson, featuring the Checkered Demon. "Robert Crumb Interview" by Screw Magazine's Al Goldstein, illustrated by Joe Mat III. "Turtle Squirrels" by Charles Kraft, illustrated by Jim Woodring. "kiss those days goodbye" by Charles Bukowski. "The Dishwashing Man" by Formerly Rocky Goldberg, illustrated by Holly Tuttle. "The Most Psychotronic Adult Videos of All Time" by Fred Hopkins and John Black. Book review by Harvey Pekar, and columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Joe Bob Briggs, Dave Marsh and Roland Sweet. "poem" by Jack Thibau. "The Woman Who Tried To Eat Me Alive!!" by J.R. Williams is a featured cartoon strip. So are S. Clay Wilson's "The Checkered Demon In Hell Part I" and Mark Newgarden's "So Help Me!" Lynda Barry's contributes her strip. Artwork by Basil Wolverton and Sean Hurley. Art direction by Art Chantry.

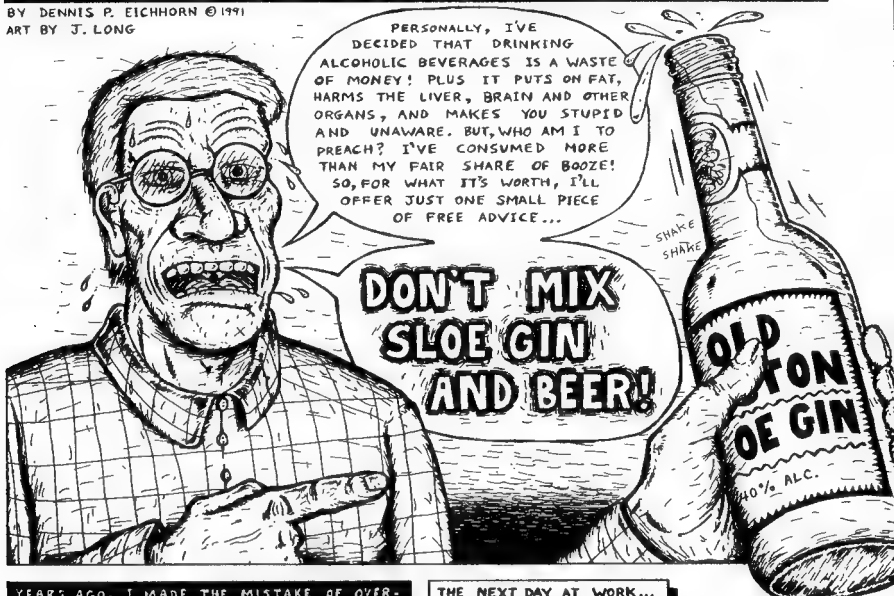
Number 15: Cover illustration of Jack Kerouac by Robert Crumb. Drew Friedman's Quagly family drawing illustrates Martin A. Lee and Norman Solomon's "Dan Quayle, a Pot Dealer and the Information Police." "happy birthday" by Charles Bukowski, illustrated by Michael Dougan. "Billy Bragg: An Appreciation" by Harvey Pekar. Columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Joe Bob Briggs and Dave Marsh. Artwork by Michael Dougan and Sean Hurley. Art direction by Art Chantry, winner of another SPD Merit Award for the cover design, which also appears in Print Magazine's 1991 Regional Design Annual.

Whew! That's quite a list! There's a little Elvis in every issue, and a little Art, too. To order, just list the issues you want, enclose \$6.50 per issue or \$85 for all fifteen (prices include postage and handling, and are good through March 31, 1992; after that, they're probably going to go up. Make checks and money orders payable to NW EXTRA!, and send to:

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Seattle, WA 98121

A PUBLIC SERVICE MESSAGE FOR THE AGES

BY DENNIS P. EICHORN © 1991
ART BY J. LONG



YEARS AGO, I MADE THE MISTAKE OF OVER-INDULGING IN BOTH!



THE NEXT DAY AT WORK...



ONCE UPON A TIME IN BOISE

By Dennis P. Eichhorn, illustrated by Mark A. Zingarelli

TONIGHT: WILLIE MOSCONI ONE NIGHT ONLY!"

announced the readerboard above the small bowling alley in Boise's rural-cum-suburban west end. To me, that was exciting. The greatest pool player on the planet, live and in person, available for close-up scrutinization. I couldn't wait to watch him operate.

Like most would-be rebels, I knew how to shoot pool. Boise offered two seminal poolhalls: Snowball's and the Smokehouse. Both were classic downtown dives.

At Snowball's, a cramped establishment on Main Street, card-players and beer-drinkers hunkered and smoked in one room, while pool-players of all ages congregated in another. From time to time an ancient man of Serbo-Croatian descent tottered from table to table, collecting a dime per game from each player.

Out the back door and a few meters down the alley was the side entrance to the Smokehouse, a larger place with lots of tables and hourly rates. Chairs filled with oldsters ringed the main room. You could shoot pool, snooker or billiards. In a back room, a group of aging Basque cardsharks gathered to play *pan* for hours on end.

I tried *pan*, but found the game incomprehensible. Pool, however, was another matter.

Any idiot could grasp the fundamentals, and plenty did. I soon reached my level of expertise, and found a niche in the local hierarchy.

Being a bookworm, I'd come across *Willie Mosconi on Winning Pocket Billiards*, a small tome published in 1948 by the Little Sport Library. In this 143-page treatise, the fourteen-time World Pocket Billiard Champion waxed profound. His suggestions were simple and direct. After reading Mosconi's book, my game improved slightly. As far as I was concerned, the man was obviously a master.

And now he was in Boise! "In-fucking-credible!" I muttered, as I parked my car in an icy, snow-shrouded lot outside the bowling alley. Buttoning up my letterman's jacket to ward off the December chill, I entered the building.

The scenario for the upcoming green-felt epiphany wasn't quite what I'd expected. There was a regulation-sized pool table in the lobby, to be sure. But I could hear only the discordant crashes of falling pins from the adjoining lanes, and the muted conversational munchings emanating from the nearby restaurant. There was nothing in the air to match the sense of excitement I felt. Where was the buzz?

And where was Willie Mosconi?

At last he appeared, striding in through the front door just as I had, shoulders hunched against the bitter cold. Mosconi shrugged off his topcoat and carefully hung it on a coat-rack. He snapped open his black leather cue case, and screwed the two halves of his custom pool cue together. Then, unheralded, Mosconi

stepped to the pool table and began to speak.

He quietly introduced himself, as he placed fifteen pool balls into a triangular wooden rack and spotted them. There was a sexy *crack!* as Mosconi made his breakshot, followed by several minutes of soft patter as he smoothly ran the table. A brief pause for racking, and then *crack!* again. Mosconi ran the table four times without stopping.

Then came the special stuff, the English demonstrations and tricky bankshots. Mosconi wasn't a large or boisterous man, but he had great presence. A small, rapt crowd had collected, hanging on his every word and flick of the cue.

Finally, it was over. I glanced at the clock. Two hours had passed. It seemed like ten minutes. "Thank you all very much for dropping by," Mosconi was saying. People began to drift away.

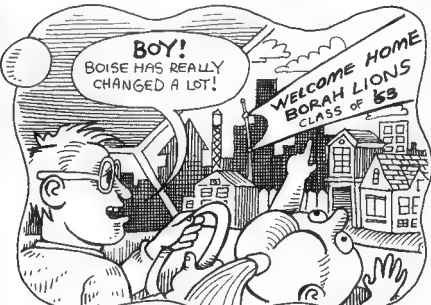
I stepped near the table. "Mr. Mosconi," I said, introducing myself and shaking his slim, strong hand. "I've read your book. Let me ask you this: what's the *one thing* that's absolutely essential for shooting winning pool?"

Mosconi stood motionless for a long moment, drinking me in. Then he smiled. "Well, Dennis, I'll tell you this," Mosconi said. "One thing I *always* do is chalk my cue before every shot. Don't forget to do it. It's very important, and it makes a difference." He turned away to disassemble his magic wand.

Mosconi said his goodbyes, donned his topcoat, and headed for the door. When he came to me, the finest pool player alive stopped and looked me in the eyes. "Remember, Dennis," he said, shaking my hand a second time, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

And with that Mosconi was gone, off into the frosty American dream.





WE TALKED...

SO YOU'RE A
TEACHER? I'M A
WRITER. WHERE DO
YOU TEACH?

I'M HEAD OF
THE ANTHROPOLOGY
DEPARTMENT AT
CORNELL... RIGHT NOW
I'M ON A SABBATICAL
WHILE I WORK ON
A BOOK.

I'VE BEEN
MARRIED AND
DIVORCED TWICE...
I BROUGHT MY
FOUR-YEAR-OLD
DAUGHTER ALONG
FOR THE REUNION.

I'VE BEEN THINKING
OF HAVING A CHILD MYSELF!

REALLY?
ARE YOU
MARRIED?

NO...
ACTUALLY, I'VE
NEVER HAD MUCH
TO DO WITH
MEN...

...I MEAN,
I WASN'T
VERY POPULAR
WITH THE BOYS
IN HIGH
SCHOOL...

AND IN
COLLEGE, IT WAS
MORE OF THE
SAME. ALL THE
FRIENDS I MADE
WERE WOMEN.

SO, I'M PLANNING ON
MAKING A WITHDRAWAL
FROM A SPERM BANK,
AND RAISING THE
CHILD MYSELF.

SIP

OH, YES... I'VE GOT
A GOOD INCOME,
AND A STRONG
NETWORK OF
SUPPORT.

ARE YOU
SET UP TO
DO THAT?

...I'D BETTER
DO IT SOON,
I'M NOT GETTING
ANY YOUNGER.
YA KNOW

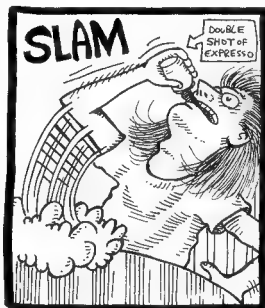
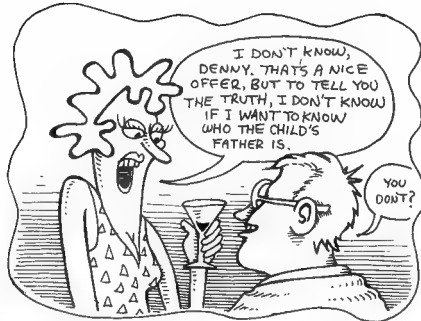
YEAH

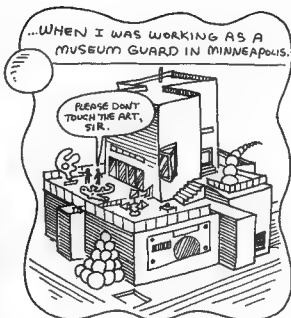
LISTEN,
SUE, IF YOU'RE
UP FOR IT...

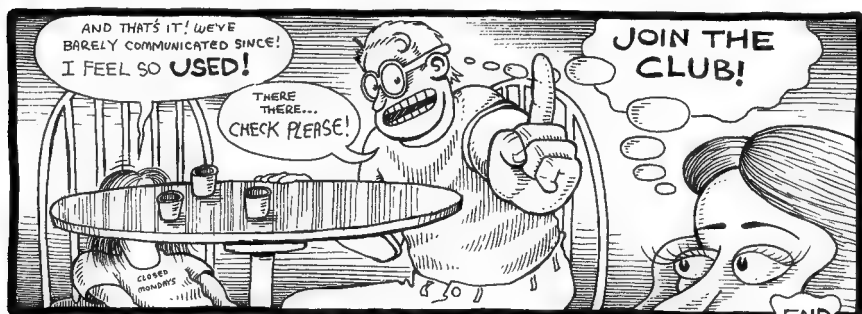
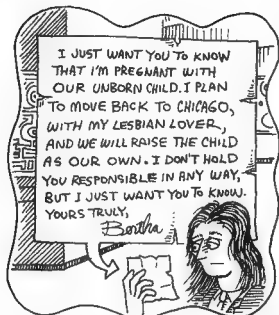
YES?

WHAT I'M TRYING
TO SAY IS THIS—I'LL
BE GLAD TO DONATE
SOME SPERM, IF YOU'RE
WILLING... THAT WAY, YOU
WOULDN'T HAVE TO PAY
THE SPERM BANK.

SIP







END

"\$! !?"

BY DENNIS P. EICHORN

ILLUSTRATION BY A © 1991

ONE COLD SEATTLE EVENING
I WAS SITTING IN MY ROOM
WATCHING T.V. . . .

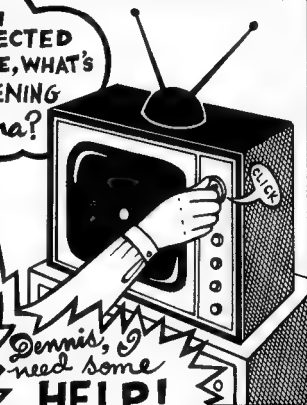


IT WAS MY PAL Gina,
THE X-WIFE OF A CLOSE
FRIEND OF MINE.

NOW SHE WAS A WORKING
WOMAN IN SEATTLE'S
NORTH END.

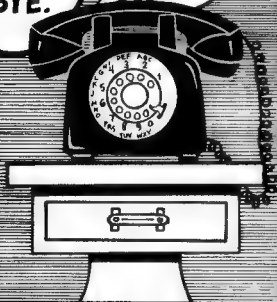


THIS IS AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE, WHAT'S HAPPENING Dina?



Dennis, I need some **HELP!**

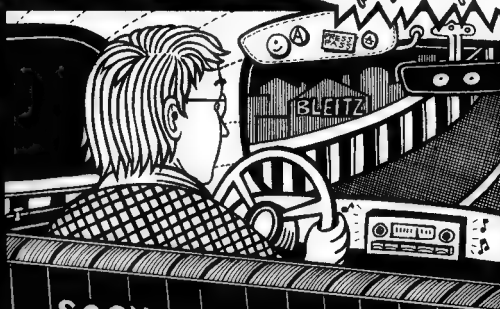
SURE... SEE YOU SOON. BYE.



WHAT IS IT, Dina?



Nothing serious, but if you're not too busy, could you come out for a while?



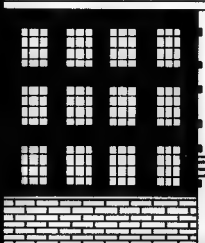
SOON I WAS SPEEDING NORTH ON AURORA!

TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES LATER I PULLED INTO THE PARKING LOT OF HER COMPLEX

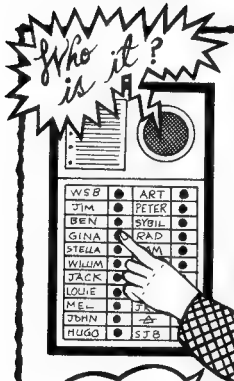


BOWL

THE BUILDING WAS IMPERSONAL; I ASSUMED THAT MANY OF THE OCCUPANTS WERE WELL-HEELED DRUG DEALERS OR PEOPLE LIKE Dina,

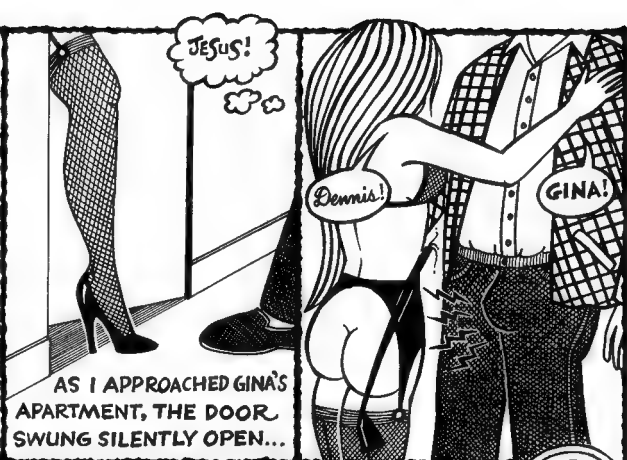


PEOPLE ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE LAW

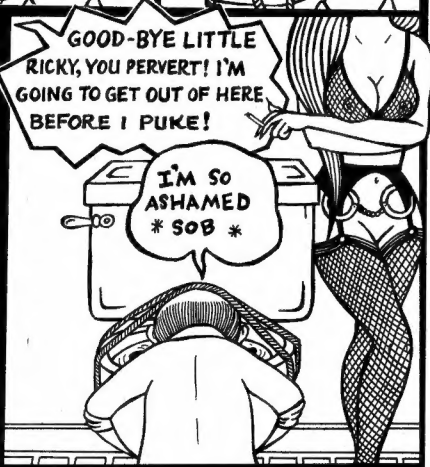


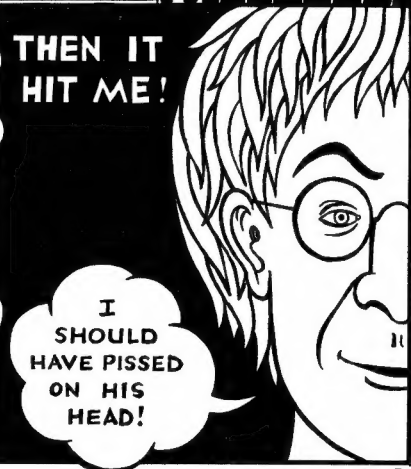
IT IS I

AS I APPROACHED GINA'S APARTMENT, THE DOOR SWUNG SILENTLY OPEN...









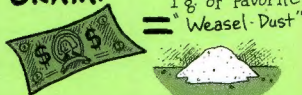
Denny's *Better Believe It!*



"It's the Gospel!" ©1991 by DENNIS EICHORN

DRUG LORE:

A DOLLAR BILL WEIGHS ALMOST EXACTLY **ONE GRAM.**

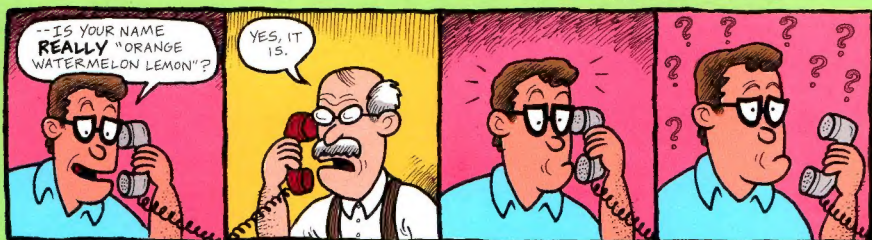


SCIENCE NOTE: IT'S EASY TO HYPNOTIZE A CHICKEN! JUST HOLD ITS BEAK TO THE GROUND & TRACE A LINE STRAIGHT OUT WITH YOUR FINGER.



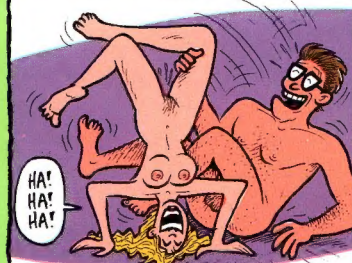
Illustrations by J.R. "I'll-believe-anything-Denny-tells-me-as-long-as-I-get-paid" Williams of Portland, Or.!

TRUE FACT!- THERE WAS ONCE A GUY WHO LIVED IN BOISE, IDAHO NAMED "ORANGE WATERMELON LEMON"--**I SHIT YOU NOT!!** HE WAS LISTED IN THE PHONE BOOK AS "O.W. LEMON"! I CALLED HIM UP ONCE...



SEX POINTER:

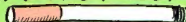
IT IS ACTUALLY POSSIBLE TO **FUCK** WHILE ONE OF THE PARTIES INVOLVED IS STANDING ON HIS OR HER HEAD!!! (DON'T START LAUGHING, THOUGH, OR IT'S ALL OVER!)



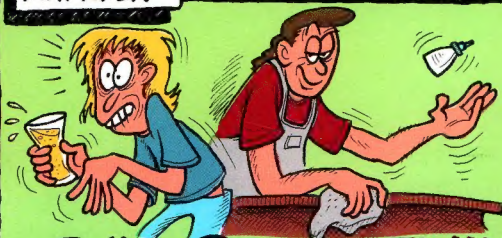
IN THE SAME VEIN: IT'S ALSO POSSIBLE TO DRINK A BEER WHILE STANDING ON YOUR HEAD!!

SMOKER'S PORTFOLIO:

WHEN LIGHTING A SMOKE IN THE WIND, CUP THE MATCH BETWEEN THE RING AND LITTLE FINGER FOR MAXIMUM EFFICIENCY.



URBAN LEGEND: THE BARTENDER AT SEATTLE'S VIRGINIA INN CLAIMS THAT A FEW DROPS OF **VISINE**™ SLIPPED INTO A TROUBLE-SOME CUSTOMER'S DRINK WILL INDUCE **SEVERE DIARRHEA**...



...*Better Believe It!!!*

